News from COLCHESTER.

In a Letter to a dear Friend (an honest WHIG) At *LONDON.*

Dear WHIG,

YOu cannot imagine, with what astoniſhment the Pople of *Colcheſter* were ſtruck, when they read the laſt Week, in *Thompſon's* Weekly News, called the *Loyal Proteſtant*, and *true Domeſtick Intelligence*, publiſhed *Auguſt* 9. 1681. this *Whisking Lye*, in theſe very Words: namely,

'*Colcheſter Auguſt* 6. Mr. *Hickeringill*, of late famous for his abuſe of the Church, is now fal-'len under the Common-Law, which has convicted him of a certain Crime, called by the 'ſame Law *Perjury*; Sir *George Jefferies* managing the Complaint at the Suit of the King.

What Fury, what Madneſs poſſeſt *this Wretch*! That for the Solace of a Lye for one Week only, ſhould thus ruine himſelf and his Family (for that will certainly be the fatal Conſequence) only in hope (and the only way in the World) to wound Mr. *Hickeringill's* Reputation all *England* over, for a Week (I ſay) or two? (for longer he could not expect ſuch a groundleſs Lye ſhould paſs currant *Incognito*, and undiſcovered.)

As for Sir *George Jefferys* (that the Fellow quotes) as the Manager of the Complaint at the Suit of the King; His Majeſty (I am ſure) can give that good Man no Privileg (under his Umbrage and Authority) to abuſe his Subjects at the Suit of the King, who is ſo good and juſt, that he had rather any of his Subjects proſecuted in his Name (by Form of Law) ſhould rather appear Innocent upon Tryal, than Guilty.

Indeed, Sir *George Jefferys* did uſe his Wits to make Mr. *Hickeringill* be convict of *Barretry* (forſooth) when as much Folly as Malice appeared in the Proſecution; yet the two Bum-Bayliffs, two of the Witneſſes againſt Mr. *Hickeringill*, did their part, and ſwore home, but that the diſappointment was, they ſwore *too home*, they had not con'd their Leſſon well, they over-did their Parts, they ſwore againſt Records then and there produc'd in Court, to their Shame (if they had any.)

But to give Sir *George Jefferys* his due, his Heart is ſtill good, and he did his good Will (the laſt Aſſizes at *Chelmsford*, held for the County of *Eſſex*) in perſuading, exhorting, exciting, and ſtirring up a Man at *Chelmsford* to bring an Information for Perjury againſt Mr. *Hickeringill*; which if he would, Sir *George Jefferys* promiſed to manage it, and plead it, and he would not ask the Man one Penny for a Fee; (how unuſually kind ſome Men are to vend their Malice, which always fall's heavy upon their own Pates!)

Nay, It is well for Mr. *Hickeringill*, if Witneſſes be not procur'd againſt him, to ſwear Crimes of worſe Conſequence than Perjury; ſome ſuch Deſign is now in hatching, (ſince he publiſhed his Sermon of Man-catching) God bleſs us all from the Brood of them!

This Horſe-Leach that for Blood doth thirſt,
Shall have his Belly full, and burſt.

And yet Sir *George Jefferys* cannot but know that, for the King's Counſel to maintain Suits to vex the King's Subjects, in the King's Name, and under colour of his Authority, is expreſly againſt 1 *Edw.* 3. 14. —— 20 *Edw.* 3. 4. 5. —— 1 *Rich.* 2. 4. made purpoſely againſt the wicked Conſpiracies of great Men, The King's Councelors, Officers and Servants, expreſly mentioned in thoſe Statutes.

But what ſignifies a Cob-Web-Statute to Men of great Place and Power, whoſe Faith and Hope is in a *Noli Proſequi*?

Good! very good! let them go on: All the *Noli proſequi*'s in the World cannot protect them againſt an Action of Slander, or Conſpiracy at any private Man's Suit. Let them beat their Heads together then, and give them Rope enough, they ſhall need no worſe Enemies, nor worſe Counſellors, than their own Malice; 'twill ruin them at long-run, let them be never ſo *Cock-ſure*, and *Cock-a-hoop*.

For no Judg nor Juſtice in *England* can be ſafe in atteſting the *Affidavits* made before them, and atteſted and ſubſcribed by the Man that makes the *Affidavit*, (which is Mr. *Hickeringill's* very Caſe) if ſhabby Raſcals ſhall afterwards deny upon Oath, what they formerly ſwore and atteſted under their own hands, in preſence of many credible Witneſſes.

If ſuch a Judg or Juſtice (when required legally) do not atteſt, that ſuch *Affidavit*, ſo ſubſcribed, was made before him, he muſt be perjur'd; and if he does, belike he ſhall be perjur'd too, if ſome Men have the Management, and the Villain ſwear Counter afterwards; eſpecially if he get another Chapman or two like himſelf, to back his Rancounter-Oath: *Ne Hercules contra duos.* Such Raſcals, that ordinarily ſwear an hundred Oaths a day for nothing;

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thing, can ſurely upon good encouragement outſwear a Parſon, and Mr. *Hickeringil*, who, it is notoriouſly known to all that ever convers'd with him, that he never ſwore a raſh Oath in his Life; but, like a Tortoiſe in his Shell, wraps himſelf ſafe in his own Innocence, and defies the Malice of his Adverſaries, that never yet got any thing by their Stratagems againſt him, but Shame and Diſaſter to themſelves, and their Tribe.

And you will ſhortly hear, that he will take a ſpeedy and ſevere Courſe with theſe lying Libellers and News-mongers, that write for Bread; and when they want true News, they invent Lies, a whole Sheet full, and then cry *Peccavi* the next week; as this wretched *Thompſon* does this week, for abuſing the Lord *Rannelagh* the week before: And if they be not puniſhed, every Man's Reputation lies at their mercy.

But he characterizes Mr. *Hickeringill*, as famous of late for his *Abuſe of the Church*. Sure he means ſome filthy Church, that thinks it an Abuſe if a Man be ſo charitable as to offer to ſweep it; or ſome ſwiniſh Church, that loves to wallow in its own Mire; or ſome waſpiſh Church, that is good for nothing but to buzze, ſting, and flie about the Ears of all that come near them, good for nothing but to eat up the Honey of the laborious Bee; or ſome Droniſh Church, that licks up the Gains, whilſt others take the Pains; or ſome Genteel Church, that lives idly on the Sweat of other Mens Brows. I would fain know what Church the Fellow means, that ever Mr. *Hickeringill* did abuſe, except to *endeavour to amend them* be accounted an Abuſe to them, and an *Affront*.

There was more ſubtile Head-Peices, more great Heads, more Logger-Heads (I'le warrant) at the contriving and vending this lying Libel againſt Mr. *Hickeringill*, than one ſilly Tory *Thompſon*: Is not *the Hand of —— with thee in this?* For Oh! the Conſequence, the Conſequence carries Meat in the very Mouth of it? Who will be the Author of more *Naked Truth*'s? or more Sermons againſt Popiſh Sham-Plots, and *Man-catching? (Ay, Ay, there's the Quarrel!)* when a conviction of Perjury is the Conſequence; *Perjury, Perjury* ſhall be Trumpeted in all the next *Tory-Intelligences*, and Weekly News——Perjury, Perjury; and Rogue, Rogue, Rogue—— (as that ſilly *Heraclitus Ridens*) that cannot have a word to ſay for himſelf, why Sentence ſhould not be given againſt him for his lying Libel, becauſe he rails without Wit, as well as without Manners, 'tis down-right *Billingſgate*, not a Grain of Salt to keep it from ſtinking, and nauſeating every ingenuous Reader: Oh! but of all the Tory's, *Thompſon* has hit it.

Nay, Nay; for a ſubtile Intrigue, a Sham-Plot, Man-catching, tearing and ſwearing, nay ſwearing ſo home, that they'll out ſwear and prove perjur'd all that cannot ſwear *ſo thorough-ſtich* as themſelves, for Lying and Slandering, Whoring, Scoring and Roaring, commend me to Tory. What they cannot do with their Hands, they can do with their Tongues, and Head-peices, (Oh! they have peſtilent Brains in Skull, none of their Brethren beyond Sea can out-match them.) If they cannot fight, they can ſwagger, if they cannot ſtand to't, they can roar and drink 'till they cannot ſtand; and cry——*Huzzah*; If they cannot Pray, they can Curſe, and cry, God-damme; a Crew that will diſgrace the Gallows, the Curſe of God follows all their Enterprizes; They are enough to bring Diſcredit and a Curſe upon any Cauſe in the World, and upon all that accompany or ſide with them: 'twas well for *Lot* that he got out of *Sodom* as he did.

But not all the Toryes in *England*, *Engliſh* nor *Welſh* combin'd, tho they take in the *wild Iriſh-Tory* to help; not all the Sham-Plotters, Jeſuits, nor Man-catchers; nor all the *Noll*'s in the World, with all their Tricks (and they have a great many) nor with all their Potency (and it is great) ſhall be able to deliver this Lying Libelling *Thompſon* out of the Hands and Clutches of the *Naked Truth*; the Fellow doth not know Mr. *Hickeringill*, but he'll make him know him better, if he do not abſcond and fly for't; Is any Man ſo great as to be above the Law and Truth? God forbid. *Neminem oportet eſſe potentiorem Legibus nec ſapientiorem.* If Mr. *Hickeringill* were given to any manner of Debauchery, or irregular Converſation; if he were given to Swearing, Tearing, Drinking and Whoring, as many *Tantivy-Men* in *England*, he might expect to 'ſcape as well (and have Promotion too) as ſome of them that to my knowledg (beſides other pregnant ill Qualities) have had two Baſtards apeice.

Oh! But *this Truth*, this *Naked Truth* is *inſufferable*; Theſe ſharp Reflections upon *Sham-Plotters*, Sham-Evidence and *Man-Catchers*, are enough to ſpoil *a well-laid Plot*; all Heads and Hands to work: It is Decreed, *Blacken* him we muſt with Lyes, ſince his Innocent Converſation is irreproveable; 'tis hard to catch a Fox, yet there's ſcarce a *Tory* in *England*, but catches one every Night before he ſleeps; We live in a brave Jolly Age: Oh! there's no Ho when Power makes Court'ſey to Revenge, and joyns Giblets together.

They have a Law to this Day in *Spain*, That his Teſtimony is for ever invalid, who hath once been convicted of Drunkenneſs.

But I entertain you too long with *theſe Pamphletters*, the Cumber and Peſt of every Coffee-Houſe, into which a Man is no ſooner entred, but he may well (by the crowd of idle Pamphlets preſented upon the Tables to view) fancy himſelf in a Market in *France*, where the moſt numerous Ware expos'd to Sale is new and freſh Traſh, Froggs, and Muſhrooms. I am

Your Servant,

Colcheſter, Aug. 17. 1681. *A. B.*

LONDON,

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